The tips of the fierce white mustache

"Tell me, Miss Dorothy; did you

"Not purposely," she said. "I had

been gathering wild flowers, and 1

came here quite by accident. I didn't

know there was any one buried here."

came around to stand beside her.

sister's son and my name-child."

the miserable boundary wrangle came

"Then this is your land! these are

Five minutes later they were cross-

ing the road in front of the farmhouse,

and the major's hand was on the gate

latch when Dorothy's father drove up

in the sulky. Nothwithstanding all

that had befallen she expected an out-

burst of bitter words on one side or

both, and caught her breath nervously.

"Good evening, Neighbor Hart-

wood," said the major, genially. "I

just found your little gyerl here, pro-

John Hartwood was a man of few

"And while I'm here," the major

went on, "there's a little matter of

justice that I'd like to set right. A

good many years ago, when I sold off

this place to old Jeff Anderson, there

was a deferred payment which was

never made. Instead of taking a mort-

till the other day when I happened to

run across the deed among some old

papers. It has just occurred to me,

John Hartwood took the deed, and

while he was trying to find words in

which to clothe a tumult of self-re-

your title good, and here it is."

words, but he climbed down from the sulky and made the proper acknowl-

But there was no need.

edgment of thanks.

at home."

The major cleared his throat and

"We buried them just where they

fell; it seemed most proper and fit-

twitched again, and the major took of

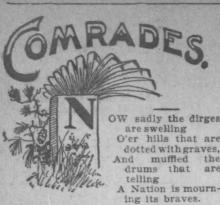
stately courtesy.

them?" she faltered.

choked again.

to its own again.

I didn't know!"



ing its braves. For some 'neath the palmetto sleeping, For some 'neath the pine and the yew; A truce through the years they are keeping, Our boys of the Gray and the Blue.

And some under palm trees are lying, From native land gone evermore; The waves of old ocean are sighing, And breaking in foam on that shore Where shoulder to shoulder as brothers They died to humanity true, For Cuba's fair children and mothers,

Our boys of the Gray and the Blue. D! Northland and Southland united, To-day with our flag at half-mast,
The wrongs of a nation are righted,
One hope and one purpose at last;
For these are our comrades who slumber
'Neath blossoms the sweetest of May, And lo, in their ranks do we number Our boys of the Blue and the Gray. -Ruth Raymond, in Good Housekeeping.



H, TOM, I do hope father won't go to law with old Maj. Loudon! It's bad enough as it is, but that will make it ever so much worse.

and she pretended not to see me." Tom Hartwood rapped the iron from the plane he was using, and began to whet it on the oilstone.

I met Kate in the post office yesterday,

"I'm with you, Dorothy," he said, but what are you going to do about it? look like he gwine to brek somepin, an' work, and between the horns of the Father has settled it in his mind that the major is wrong, and he's going to law about it down here in Alabama, just the same as he would back in New Hampshire. He isn't bitter about, ft, and he can't see why the major should be."

The bright-haired young girl sitting on the end of the workbench nodded her head emphatically.

"I know," she said. "But the major is bitter; he'd be untrue to all his traditions if he wasn't. Going to law with anybody down here is just like a declaration of war. The neighbors take it up on both sides, and there's no end of trouble. Just look at the Peterses and the Reeds! They're ready to fly at each other like cats and dogs all the time." Tom laughed.

"If it comes to that it will be pretty one-sided with us," he said. "The Loudens used to own the whole valley before the war, and they set the pace for nearly everybody in it now. And as between the blue-blooded old major and a despised Yankee farmer, who persists in plowing deeper than his neighbors, and making money when everybody else is losing it-"

"Now, Tom. you know that isn't fair. We couldn't have been treated better anywhere than we were two years ago, when we came here with mother sick, and father discouraged, and everything so dreadfully dreary and-and tacky. Everybody was just as kind and thoughtful as could be. They never asked where we came from, and they didn't seem to care."

Tom's plane was curling long shavings from the edge of the board, and he laughed again. He was a broadshouldered young fellow, with a resolute jaw and unafraid eyes, and laughing came easy to him.

"It costs a pet prejudice or two, but you're right, little sister. There is no north nor south any more. But that doesn't help us out of our tangle with the major."

"No; and it's such a little thing-a foot and a half of land on one side of an old field!"

"A foot and eight inches," Tom corrected. "But it's the principle of the thing with father. He believes he is right, and he is going to insist on that foot and eight inches, if it costs us every friend we have in the valley.

Dorothy's gaze went adrift out of the workshop window, wandering aimlessly until it alighted upon the bent

"The dear old pater!" she said, softly. "He is so just and upright that he has quite forgotten row to be generous. If this dispute grows into a of all others." neighborhood quarrel, it will break mother's heart."

no helpful suggestion to offer.

The young girl slipped down from trouble made her heart ache. There children-and everything had been so pleasant and happy until the boundary dispute had halved the apple of discord between the two families.

And now she knew that Kate Loudon | harnessing the horse. and her brother would have to be loyal to their grandfather; and there hymn-singings around the old-fashioned grand piano in the Louden drawing-room. And her mother would have and the whole affair was altogether too miserable even to contemplate.

Her caze went afield again, and sought and found the stooping figure in the distance. She thought it was arm, grasping the horse's forelock. her father, and went around through | Then he shook his head and slipped the the orchard and out into the lane, bridle into place.

meaning to take him unawares, and to "It's no use, Dorothy, girl. It's got | brave men. And-and to-day is the bent figure in a thicket of old-field pines, and gave a little start of sur- climbed to his seat in the sulky she his broad-brimmed hat with the most prise when she discovered that the gave him a parting word. delver in her father's field was Maj. Loudon's grizzled old house-servant.

are you doing here?" "I's a-doin' whut ol' Marse Loudon sent me ter do, Miss Dor'thy; and I's a-wishin' eve'y minute dat dishyer spade brek off short up to de han'le,"

said the old negra. Then Dorothy looked over the fence and saw a row of freshly dug postthe law into h'; own hands and was going to make gare of the nine points of

possession. "Does my father know you are here?" she asked.

"No'm, I s'pect he don't. But reckon he gwine find out 'fore long. I des been watchin' for him ter come t'arin' out dishyer way wid his gun eve'y minute."

"You needn't be afraid. My father doesn't settle his difficulties with a gun. And, anyway, he wouldn't say

anything to you." The old negro leaned on his spade and glanced timorously over one shoulover the other at the great house on

"I's gwine tell you somepin, Miss Dor'thy, but you mus'n't never let on dat I tol'hit. Ol Marse Loudon he been hearin' dat your pa gwine do dis an' dat in his min'. He done let on to young Marse Percy like he gwine to run your get t'rough wid him.'

'Why, uncle; how could he do that?" "Deed, I don' know dat, Miss Dor'thy. Pears like de white folks kin do mos' anything dey wants ter. He say somepin 'about some ol' deed dat ain't been s'rend'ed yit; an' when he 'low dat, young Marse Percy he des up an' r'ar

try once more to dissuade him from to come, sooner or later, and I'd Memorial day." his purpose. She came out opposite rather have it done and over with." She let him go at that, but when he

"Remember the day, father-we used to call it our 'forgiving day' at come here to-" he could not finish, "Why, Uncle Pete!" she said; "what home. Think of the good things the and she answered the unspoken quesmajor has done for us, and try to for- tion. give him."

When he was gone she did not know what to do with herself. With the burden of the dreadful secret weighing upon her-the secret which she had not shared with her father for fear she should tempt him to forbear from unholes. The major had evidently taken worthy motives-she dared not face her mother; and Tom's cheery whistle warned her off from the workshop.

She went to the gate and watched her father driving down the winding road. He was letting the horse walk, and as long as she could see him she fancied that his determination was wavering. When the sulky disappeared over the final hill she opened the gate and walked aimlessly in the opposite direction.

Her walk was a long one, and it led her far up the slopes of the great mountain which walls in the sheltered valley on the west. Near the cliff line she had stumbled upon a dell thickly der toward the distant farmhouse, and starred with sweet-scented white azaleas; and remembering in the midst of her troubled musings her mother's fondness for this particular wild flower, she had filled her arms with the fragrant blooms.

She came out of the forest at the an' t'other, an' he get pow'ful troubled foot of the mountain into an open space which appeared to be an old field long uncultivated. It was in the little pa cl'ar off'm dishyer place 'fore he depression between the knoll and the mountain, and the Loudon orchard ran down to its farther edge. She could see the roof of the great house above the trees in the orchard, and thinking to save time she cut across the old field a moment afterward he was buttoning toward the road.

In mid-passage she came upon a low, curving mound, grass-grown and half back an' Missy Kate she let on like she | hidden in a thicket of old-field pines. gwine ter cry. Den ol' Marse Robbut It was the remains of an old breast-



SHE KNELT TO READ THE INSCRIPTION.

holler at me ter tek de spade an' go dig | curve were seven graves. Only one of dem postes-holes."

She remembered something about a headstone: flaw in the title: that there was an unrecorded gap in the transfers of the farm dating back to its purchase by some former owner many years before. It had been represented that the deed had been lost in the registrar's office, and her father had so far departed from his cautions custom as to accept the faulty title.

putting the harness on one of the horses. There was stern determination | these years you've been lying here forwritten in every line of the fine old face. gotten in this lonely spot, and it is

asked. "To town, to swear out a warrant against Loudon for trespass," was the figure of a man digging in a distant curt reply. "He has sent his man over to move that line fence."

And on Memorial day, too! Surely'we can afford to be generous on this day

"It isn't a question of generosity; "That's so," said Tom; but he had needed it, but I won't let him take it

when it doesn't belong to him." "But, father, just think how kind her perch on the bench and went into they've all been to us since we came the sweet May sunshine. She was a here, strangers in a strange land. Have born peacemaker, and the threatened you forgotten how Kate used to come over and sit up night after night with try again. "Do you know who these that awful September morning long were two young people at the great house on the knoll—the major's grand- ago? And how the major used to come died fighting for the Lost Cause." twice a day to ask if there wasn't

something he could do for us?" The hard lines in her father's face melted ever so little, but he went on

"No, I haven't forgotten; and I'd do as much for him and his this minute. would be no more quartette picnics I'm not angry, child, but it's a matter to the "Pocket," nor earryall drives to of principle. In justice to you and Nick-a-Jack cave, nor Sunday evening Tom, and to your mother, I am bound

to defend my legal rights." "Please don't go to-day, father. Won't you wait just a little while? As to be told; and the neighbors would it stands now the major is the agtake sides-against them, as Tom said; gressor, and I'm sure he'll be sorry if you'll only give him a little time to think about it."

For a moment she thought she had won. He paused with the bridle on his

them was marked, and she knelt to Dorothy turned away sick at heart. read the inscription on the plain white

Sacred to the memory of CAPTAIN ROBERT PERCY GORDON, who, with six members of his command, gave up his life on this spot, September 6, 1863, while resisting the advance of the Federal Army of Invasion.

Dorothy's eyes were swimming when she finished. She was altogether of And now, out of this trivial conten- the other side; two uncles and her tion over a bit of land barely wide grandfather were of this same "Fedenough to carry the boundary fence, eral Army of Invasion," and these three was to grow a monstrous injustice slept among the heroes in the national which was to turn them out of house cemetery at Chattanooga; but true and home! Dorothy's breath came heroism knows no political creed, and thick at the thought, but she was a the tears came quickly when she picbrave girl, and she hastened home to tured this little band of seven men lydo what she might before it should be | ing behind the rude breastwork and yielding up their lives freely in the She found her father in the stable cause which they believed to be right.

"Poor fellows," she said, softly. "All "Where are you going, father?" she left for the daughter of those who fought against you to do you honor!"

Swiftly and with deft fingers she twined the starry azaleas into seven wreaths and laid them reverently upon "Oh, father, I wish you wouldn't! last for the grave of the captain. When she rose her eyes were brimming again, and she saw but old orchard with her arms laden with old major, standing in an attitude of I'd give him the land willingly if he reverence, with bowed head, the tips the graves in the old rifle pit, but there of his huge white mustache twitching gling for speech, and without knowing why, her heart went out to him.

> omething choked him and he had to thought it was right; and they were | nal.

"And about that contemptible little boundary matter, two or three feet, more or less, shouldn't be allowed to PARIS, come betwixt good neighbors. Let your fence stand right where it is, Whereat John Hartwood found

speech at last. "No," he said, firmly "I was all wrong in that, major-all wrong from the beginning, and I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me. I examined the survey again today, and it's just the other way around; I'm on your land a foot and eight inches and-" The interruption was the upcoming

of old Uncle Peter, spade on shoulder. "Evenin', Miss Dor'thy; evenin', Marse Ha'twood; evenin', Marse Robbut. I done dig all dem postes-holes-" The major broke in with an explo-

"Why, you white-headed old scoundrel!-go back thah and fill up those holes before I skin you alive, sah! Appears to me you're getting mighty childish in your old age-it does, for a

Dorothy slipped away in the midst of the explosion, and a few minutes the sunken mounds, leaving the later she had stripped her cherished "La Neige" of its wealth of snow-white blooms, and was flitting through the indistinctly the martial figure of the the fragrant burden. The twilight was mellowing into night when she reached was light enough to serve her purpose. curiously, and he seemed to be strug- When she had added her thank-offering of roses to the wreathes of azaleas she had put there before, she stood be-"My dear young lady," he began, but side the grave of the young captain.

"Good-night," she said, softly. "On "I know" she said, simply; "but they | brave soldiers!"-Ladies' Home Jour-

S long as flows a river through the land of rose and pine, A reunited Nation, with a love that is divine, Will come each year with chaplets to the camps where softly rest Columbia's young and gallast souls, her tenderest and best; And on each hero breast shall lie May's ever fragrant bloom, And wreaths of evergreen shall crown the soldier's cherished tomb; Aye, from the Northland's rugged heart to Southland's tepid wave Fair May will yield with sweet delight her blossoms for the brave.

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r personally conducted over the above route (through Colorado's wonderful scenery by daylight) every Wednesday and Friday night from St. Louis and Chicago. Secure through GEO. B. U. GEO. The erect figure of the old soldier unbent at the question, and the major "They were all old neighbors of mine," he repoined; "and this boy-this Capt. Robert Percy Gordon-was my best of all to California. She started back at the word, and

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your-please forgive me, Maj. Loudon; Cheap Settlers' rates to the far Northwest daily during March and April 1902. "The Burlington-Northern Pacific The stately old man put on his hat Express" is the only through train carrywith a bow that Lord Chesterfield ing through equipments from St. Louis and Kansas City to the upper Northwest might have envied. "It's getting right late, Miss Dorothy. Will you permit me to see you safe to your father's

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